No. 1 SEPT. 30
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
10¢
MEET CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, GREATEST ACE OF THEM ALL!
THANKS, CAPTAIN MARVEL!
NOW!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
STAR OF
RADIO AND MOVIES
68 THRILL-PACKED PAGES OF ACTION

FOLKS, MEET CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, THE ACE WHO'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF THRILLS!
HELLO, FRIENDS! LET'S KEEP 'EM FLYING!
Dear Friends,
I know that thousands of you listen regularly to Capt. Midnight's broadcasts and thrill to his Columbia Picture Serials. And I know that many of you are already members of his Secret Squadron.
Here you have your first chance to see him in action in his own Comic Magazine. So tighten your safety belts and read
Capt. Mar
Hear CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT every evening, Monday through Friday, over these Stations

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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

INDEX TO EXCITEMENT!

CAPT. MIDNIGHT AND THE "I" RIDER "RED" PAGE 4
CAPT. MIDNIGHT AND THE SECRET SUB! PAGE 25
CAPT. MIDNIGHT RESCUES A ZOMBO! PAGE 39
CAPT. MIDNIGHT AND THE INVISIBLE MEN. ACE! PAGE 54

PLUS

LITTLE SNEEZER, THE WHEEZY GEEZER.. PAGE 47
AND RED SKYE OVER LONDON— A THRILLING SHORT STORY OF WAR IN THE AIR!... 35

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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
THE WORLD THOUGHT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WAS DEAD! AMERICA'S ENEMIES THOUGHT THEY COULD SPY AND SABOTAGE AND SLAUGHTER WITHOUT INTERFERENCE! THEN, OUT OF THE SPAWN SHADOWS OF NIGHT, CAME THE RED-CLAD FIGURE OF VENGEANCE! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS BACK AGAIN!! ONCE MORE HIS DOOM-BEAM BURNS THE SYMBOL OF VENGEANCE INTO THE VERY HEARTS OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES! ONCE MORE HIS SLASHING FISTS AND RAPIER-SHARP BRAIN FIGHT THE UNSEEN PANORAMA OF THE SHADOWS FOR AMERICA AND THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD!!!
ACROSS A FIELD IN NORMANDY, A REINFORCED BLAKE MANOR BOMBER THROW HURTLES DOWNWARD IN A DEADLY DIVE!!

NOTHING SAVE'S DROP FROM THE BOMB BAY OF THE DIVE BOMBER!!
A DIRECT HIT-- NOT A BUILDING UNTOUCHED!!
IT WORKS, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! A DIRECT HIT ON EVERY TARGET!
YES, CHUCK! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GIVEN AMERICA A NEW AND MIGHTY WEAPON OF OFFENSE IN OUR RADIO-CONTROLLED DIVE BOMBER!
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, BOMBER-INVENTOR, HEADS LABORATORY DEVELOPS NEW TOOLS OF VICTORY FOR AMERICA
A FLEET OF THESE RADIO-OPERATED BOMBERS COULD REACH TOKYO AND BERLIN WITHOUT RISKING A SINGLE PILOT!
CHUCK RAMSAY--AN ENTHUSIASTIC ASSISTANT!
I WANT TO MAKE A COUPLE OF MINOR ADJUSTMENTS ON THIS TRANSMITTER!
JONESY MEANT WELL, A GOOD MECHANIC--BUT....
LEMME HOLD CARTY IT, CHUCK! I WON'T BREAK... OOOPS!

WE MUSTN'T BROADCAST A WORD ABOUT THIS, BOSS! AXIS AGENTS WOULD STOP AT ANYTHING TO STEAL THIS INVENTION!
SOON YES! IT'S LUCKY WE'RE OUT HERE WHERE NOBODY CAN SAY ON US!
CHUCK IS TOO OPTIMISTIC!
CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING, HEINIE? WHAT'S HE GOT??
PLENTY, LOUIE! A DIVE-BOMBER CONTROLLED BY RADIO! AND IT REALLY WORKS...!
WHATCHA GONNA DO, BOSS? JUST SIT AND GRAB THE MONEY?
FAT CHANCE! HE'S GOT THAT SHACK PROTECTED BY TRICK GADGETS! WE'LL NOTIFY THE BOSS!
CALLING LUGER! NUMBER THREE CALLING LUGER! COME IN, LUGER!!
THE BOSS IS SMART! HE'S PUT THAT SCRAMBLER ON, NOBODY BUT HIM CAN PICK UP OUR CALLS!
ACROSS THE CONTINENT IN THE HEART OF WASHINGTON, D.C.!
LUGER ANSWERING! COME IN, NUMBER THREE! WHAT'S THAT? A RADIO-CONTROLLED BOMBER THAT WORKS!!?
SHALL WE TRY TO STORM THE SHACK AND GRAB IT?
NO, NUMBER THREE! I'LL HANDLE IT FROM THIS END! WHEN HE BRINGS IT TO WASHINGTON, I'LL GRAB THE INVENTION AND THE INVENTOR!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S LABORATORY....
PACK IT CAREFULLY, CHUCK! I'M FLYING THE MODEL AND PLANS STRAIGHT THROUGH TO MAJOR ELRICH IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THERE HE GOES! BOY, CAN THAT LOCKHEED CLIMB!
WITH ALL THE INVENTIONS THE CAP'N PUT ON IT, IT CAN PRACTICALLY SING THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER!!
NOW IN THE SUB-STRATOSPHERE...
WITH THESE TELESCOPING WINGS I ADDED, I CUT DOWN RESISTANCE AND INCREASE SPEED AND RANGE!!
A FEW HOURS LATER, IN WASHINGTON!
OPERATOR, CONNECT ME WITH MAJOR ELRICH'S OFFICE IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT!
A SHORT TIME BEFORE, DOWNSTAIRS!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CONNECT HIS OUT GOING CALLS TO MY ROOM AND THE MONEY IS YOURS, SISTER!
I SHOULDN'T— BUT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IS A LOT OF MONEY!
MAJOR ELRICH? THIS IS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! I HAVE A NEW INVENTION FOR YOU.
GOOD! BUT DON'T COME TO MY OFFICE! SOMEONE MIGHT SEE YOU! BRING YOUR MODEL TO THE OLD WAREHOUSE ON H STREET, TONIGHT! I'LL MEET YOU THERE!

DID HE FALL FOR IT, BOSS?
LIKE A BABY, FALS! ACK CANDY! HE'S BOUND AS EVERY-THING TO THE OLD WAREHOUSE TONIGHT AT ELEVEN!
"THAT NIGHT AT THE WAREHOUSE"
YES! IS THAT YOU MAJOR ELRICH...??
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MY FRIEND??
A TRAP!
RELEASE ME AT ONCE OR THE F.B.I. WILL..
BAH! YOU AMERICANS ARE ALL COWARDS! YOU HAVE TO YELL FOR YOUR F.B.I. TO FIGHT YOUR BATTLES! CONQUERING AMERICA WILL BE EASY!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
GIVE YOU A LESSON IN NAZI KULTUR! AFTER THAT YOU'LL BE GLAD TO WORK FOR THE GLORY OF DER FUEHRER IN OUR LABORATORIES.
TIE HIM UP AND THROW HIM IN THE STOREROOM UNTIL I'VE EXAMINED HIS INVENTION!
I WARN YOU, YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!
AW, SHUT DOWN, SASSY!!

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, YOU BIG, BRAWNY SOLDIER! IF ANY MALIGNITY MAKE ATTACK YOU, JUST SCREAM AND WE'LL RAISE YOUR LIMP! HAW-HAW-HAW!!
HMMM! A SENSE OF HUMOR! STILL, I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE...!
A RAZOR SHARP BLADE SPRINGS OUT AT A TOUCH!
SO-O-O...
...I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD STICK AROUND!!
NICE OH THEM TO GIVE ME A RING-SIDE SEAT! HUMM! MY FRIENDS SEEM TO BE HAVING TROUBLE!
THIS CAGE MUST BE LINED WITH STEEL!
NEVER MIND! IT'S OPENING NOW!

THAT CAGE WILL HOLD THEM FOR A FEW MINUTES ! SO ALL AMERICANS ARE COWARDS ARE THEY HEINIE LUGER ?? YOU NEED A LESSON..
.. AND I KNOW JUST THE FELLOW TO GIVE IT TO YOU !!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
NOW YOU KNOW THE INCREDIBLE TRUTH ! "MEEK CAPTAIN ALBRON" IS REALLY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT .. GRIM CHAMPION OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ! WITH THE WORLD AT PEACE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT VANISHED INTO THE SHADOWS ! BUT NOW THERE IS WAR AND CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS BACK! ON A THOUSAND FRONTS FLYING FIELDS AS DEADLY SECRET SQUADRONS RING THE WORD TO STRIKE AGAIN FOR FREEDOM SWIFT YOU FIVE WINGS OF AMERICA ! SWIFT AT THE DARED BEHIND THE DOOM-BEAM BLAZING IN YOUR SECRET LAIRS ! SWIFT AT THE BLACK SHADOW OF HITLER ACROSS THE MIDNIGHT MOON!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS BACK!!!

SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR!
A SPRING REEL INSIDE MY SAFE-AL BELT CLICKS OUT YARDS OF SILKEN CORD WITH THE STRENGTH OF STEEL WIRE!
I'M NO FLY, SO I'LL IMITATE A SPIDER!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CARBINE TO BRING PEOPLE TO THEIR KNEES!
HERR LUGER, HERE I COME!
THIS LOCK MUST BE ONE OF THE FOOL'S INVENTIONS! GO PERSUADE HIM TO GIVE YOU THE KEY!
HE'LL PERSUADE HIM, TILL HE SCREAMS FOR MERCY!
THE DOOM-BEAM TORCH, INVENTION OF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, MAKES UNSEEN RAYS MARK THE SYMBOL OF VENGEANCE!!
SO I'A STOP THOSE TWO LIES FROM RACHING CAPT. ALBRIGHT'S, GONE — A DOOM-BEAM TRADE-MARK OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

YELLOW!! THE DOOR! IT'S BURNING!!
A PICTURE! HURRY! QUICK! WHAT IS IT??
WITH A SWIFT HAND THERE'S A GUN AIMED TO THE AUDIENCE..
THE CLOCK!! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S TRADEMARK! BUT-THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS DEAD...
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!!!
THE BULLET STRIKES A CHORD IN MY BRAIN... SOMEWHERE IN MEMORY'S CHAMBER A BELL RINGS!!
BANG!
NO! IT CAN'T BE!!
SO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS DEAD! IS HE?? THEN, BROTHER...
"YOU'VE JUST BEEN SLUGGED BY A GHOST!"

DON'T BE AFRAID, MEN! KILL THE SCHWEIN!!
DON'T BE AFRAID OF THEM, LUGER! THEY STILL FEEL OUTNUMBERED!!
NOW WHO'S TOUGH?
UGH!
GREAT WORK, BOYS! LOCK HIM IN, QUICK!!
SLAM THE DOOR, LUDWIG!!
HE CAN'T POSSIBLY BE THERE, BOSS! I SAW A BLAST HIM THROUGH THE DOOR! I'LL STOP HIS CLOCK. HAW-HAW!!
NO! WAIT A MINUTE, LUDWIG!
COME ON! HELP ME GET CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!
WOW! LOCKED IN! AND IF THEY FIND ALBRIGHT HERE, THE JIG'S UP! FROM THE SECRET OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S IDENTITY R

MEANWHILE, BACK IN CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S SECRET LABORATORY—
KEY! I'VE GOT IT!!
GOT WHAT? BARKER'S ITCH??
NO! AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT ON THAT NEW RADIO CONTROL! I'LL CALL WASHINGTON AND TELL CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT ABOUT IT RIGHT AWAY!!
GOSH! WE CAN MAKE THE CHANGE ON THE MODEL RIGHT WHILE WE'RE GIVING IT TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT!
WHAT'S THAT, MAJOR BURCH? ARE YOU SURE?
WHAT'S WRONG, CHUCK?
THIS IS ANNE! CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT HASN'T CONTACTED MAJOR BURCH AT ALL! THEN—
THEN HE'S IN TROUBLE! SOMEWHERE! WE GOTTA HELP HIM!!
WE'VE GOT TO FLY TO WASHINGTON!
I'LL GET OUT THE NIGHT-HAWK, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S OWN PLANE! IT'S THE FASTEST KEY! THERE'S JOYCE
THE NEWCOMER JOYCE RAMSAY, A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S SECRET SQUADRON!
HI! WHAT'S COOKING??
PLENTY! CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S IN TROUBLE! HE'S FLYING TO WASHINGTON!
NOT WITHOUT ME, YOU AREN'T!!

YOU SHOULDN'T BE ALONE, JOYCE! THERE MAY BE TROUBLE!!
CHUCK BRAXTON SAVED MINE! I OWED HIM TROUBLE TO
HEY! 5 BIX HUNDRED ALL THAT CRATE HILL DO TO! I GOTTA TUNE UP THEM MOTOR'S BETTER WHEN WE GET BACK!!
O FEW HOURS LATER THE NIGHTHAWK SWOOPS DOWN OVER WASHINGTON!
TO THE BUNKER HOTEL! AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!
THAT'S WHERE CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT ALWAYS STAYS IN WASHINGTON, ISN'T IT?
THE CAPTAIN CHECKED IN, BUT HE LEFT THIS EVENING, CARRYING A LARGE SUITCASE!
AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT?
NOW RIGHT JOYCE IS... FOR AT THIS MOMENT
WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! HE MAY BE IN TROUBLE!
BRING THE SUITCASE, KARL! WE'LL TAKE THAT AND CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT DOWN TO OUR CAR!
AW, WHY COULDN'T I JUST BLAST CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TO PIECES, BOSS?
FOOL! BECAUSE FIRST I WANT TO UNMASK CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND FIND OUT WHO HE REALLY IS!!
AS THEY FIND ALBRIGHT GONE THEY'LL KNOW THE TRUTH! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THAT STORE-ROOM AREA!!

BRRR! THAT CORD OF WIRE IS STILL IN PLACE!

HERE WE GO!!

WHEW! THIS WILL BE A NEAT TRICK IF I MAKE IT!!
HURRY UP, DOLT! UNLOCK THE DOOR SO WE CAN GET ALONG!
THERE DO! PUT THE KEY IN MINE. IT IS!

IN THE NICK OF TIME.....
HA! THE SOFT FOOL DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO ESCAPE! GRAB HIM!
YOU BRING THE SUITCASE WITH HIS IDENTIFICATION PAPERS! I'LL CARRY THIS DUMMKOPF!!

SOON WILL BE THE END OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT CAPTAIN, EH?
HA! LIKE ALL AMERICANS, HE IS SOFT! I COULD SMASH HIM BY MYSELF!

SO LUCKS TENT AGAIN DE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, EH? NOW WHERE STAYS!!

I COULD LICK THIS MIDNIGHT WITH ONE HAND!
YEEEEEOW! MY BACK! THE BASTARDS GOT!
OH MY COAT YES?
THE CLOCK!! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS LOOSE! HIMMEL!
HE CAN'T BE LOOSE! HE LOCKED HIM IN THAT ROOM!
LOOK OUT! I'LL GO BACK UP THERE!
AHA, YOU THROW THE DOOR OPEN! KEEP HIM COVERED!
NEED ANY HELP BOYS??
OKAY BOYS- I THINK I'LL GO BACK THERE MYSELF!
Y-Y-YOU!!
IT WAS STUFFY IN THERE SO I WENT OUT FOR A BREATH OF AIR! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!

NOW WE GOT HIM! I'LL COVER HIM, YOU BEAT HIM UP!! BUT LOOK OUT FOR TRICKS!!
HOW'S ONLY THREE OF YOU??
ONE OF THOSE TRICKS IN ACTION!!
JUST A MINUTE, BOYS! HEEL HITLER!!
HEIL HITLER!
HOLD THAT ROPE!! THANKS, BOYS!
JUMP ON HIM, FOOLS! SMASH HIM!
WE GOT HIM! TAKE THAT, SWINE!!
LET'S SEE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TRICK HIS WAY OUT OF THIS!!

SORRY, I MUST LEAVE BUT MY WORK IS DONE! I'LL MISS THE BOYS - BUT THEY SHOULD BE HAPPY TO DIE FOR DER FUEHRER!
KNOCKIN DYNAMITE TO BLOW THE WHOLE WAREHOUSE TO BITS, AND CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DOESN'T "SEE IT"!
BOUT CROWD, BOYS! THERE'S PLENTY OF PUNCH TO GO AROUND!..
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HOTEL, A FRIGHTENED GIRL CONFESSES!
SOMEBODY PAID YOU TO SNATCH CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S CALL TO ANOTHER ROOM?
HE S-SAID IT WAS A JOKE ON A FRIEND!! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE GOING TO KIDNAP AN OFFICER!
DID YOU HEAR THAT CALL? WHAT DID THEY SAY??
I OVERHEARD TO-- OR IT THEY TOLD HIM TO MEET THEM AT AN OLD WAREHOUSE ON M-- STREET!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR??
DRIVER, CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER! IT'S LIFE OR DEATH!!
"THAT MUST BE IT, THAT BIG BUILD--
IT'S BLOWING UP!!
TOO LATE! NOBODY COULD SURVIVE THAT TERRIBLE BLAST!!

IS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IN THAT BLAST? LET'S GO BACK A FEW MINUTES AND SEE...
ALL TOGETHER NOW! RUSH HIM, BOYS!
DON'T YOU KNOW IT ISN'T NICE TO RUSH TO A FUNERAL??
HURLED BACK BY SHEER WEIGHT OF SUPERIOR NUMBERS.....
THAT'S RIGHT! SHOVE HIM OUT! IT'S THREE STORIES DOWN, TO HARD PAVEMENT!
GOODBYE, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!!
MAYBE YOU AREN'T KIDDING! THERE'S NOTHING TO GRAB!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE DYNAMITE LETS GO WITH A DEAFENING
BOOOM!!
SAVED, BY THE VERY INSTRUMENT OF HIS DEATH!!
WHEW! THE CONCUSSION BLEW ME OVER TO THIS LEDGE! SO THAT'S HOW HEAR LOWER ARMS OFF HIS HEAD!!

IT'S HOPELESS BUT... LOOK!! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!!
CHUCK! AND JOYCE AND ICKY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
AH, A MIDNIGHT THERE, STORIES ARE TOLD!
SO THE GIRL CONFESSED AND HE STARTED HUNTING FOR YOU! DID THEY CAME...??
ALL KILLED BY THE BLAST, I'M AFRAID!
BUT, BUT WHAT ABOUT, AND PLANE? WHY, SAY! THIS LUCKY LEGACY HAS MADE THIS SUITCASE TO HE'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW...
I THINK WE WILL, CHUCK! IS THERE A RADIO IN THIS CAR?
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE CODE, BUT IT ISN'T!
AN INVENTION OF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S, CHUCK! A RADIO CODE-FREE TEST. BROADCASTS ITS OWN LOCATION! IT'S INSIDE THE SUITCASE UNDER YOUR!
I KNOW THAT NOISE! CHUCK, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! THE INVENTOR'S PLANE IS BACK! HE'D HAVE HEARD A SECRET CODE RADIO FOR IDENTIFICATION!...
YOU MEAN YOU KEPT THE ALBRIGHT INVENTION NEXT TO YOUR LUNGS AND HE'S HERE?!
AN INVENTION IS SURELY WORKING! BUT WITH WHAT EVIL FORCES THAT CURSED SUITCASE CAME!
HEY! THAT NOISE HAS GOT THEM NOW AS THE SUITCASE HITS, HEADING AS IT IS!

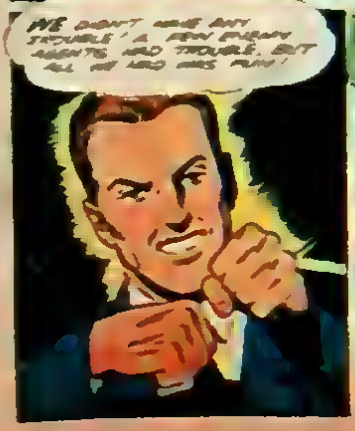
SEE! WE NEVER COULD TELL WHICH HOUSE HE'S IN! AND WE DON'T WANT THE HEAD RAT TO GET AWAY!..
BE RIGHT! JUST KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN A MINUTE!!
YEEOW! FOURTH OF JULY!
FOR HERR LUGER, IT'S DOOMSDAY!! COME ON!
THAT HAPPENED WHEN LUGER REALLY REACHED OPEN THE SUITCASE!!!
I'VE BEEN ROBBED! ANOTHER OF THAT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S TRICKS!!
SWISH
WHAM
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET HERR USURER!! HERE'S AMERICA'S GREATEST SECRET WEAPON!!
YOU'RE DEAD! I KILLED YOU WITH DYNAMITE!!
A GOOD AMERICAN SOCK IN THE JAW IS THAT'S OUR KIND OF DYNAMITE!!
ATTABOY, CAPTAIN!!

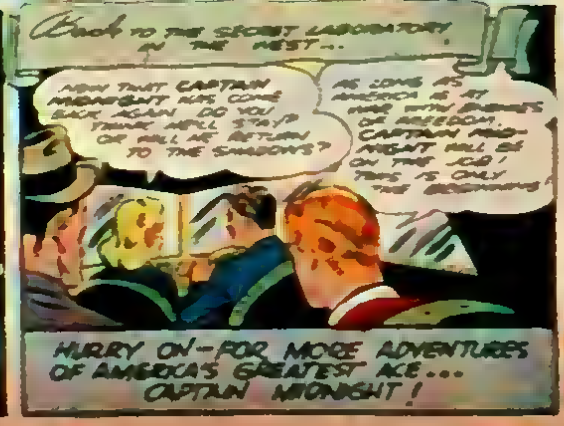
AND THAT AS WE SAY IN AMERICA IS THAT!!
YOU FORGOT SOMETHING! LET ME BORROW THE DOOM BEAM TORCH!

WHAT DID I FORGET?
YOU FORGOT TO LEAVE YOUR TRADE MARK!!
YEEEOW!

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ANYHOW?
NOTHING AT ALL, PAL, JUST CLEANING A G-T WITH A GUN, THAT'S ALL!

NEXT MORNING IN THE OFFICE OF MAJOR BLANCH
SO HERE'S OUR LATEST DONATION TO UNCLE SAM, MAJOR!
SHUCKS, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! I NEVER YOU HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE?


WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE! A FEW FURRIN AGENTS HAD TROUBLE, BUT ALL HE HAD WAS FUN!

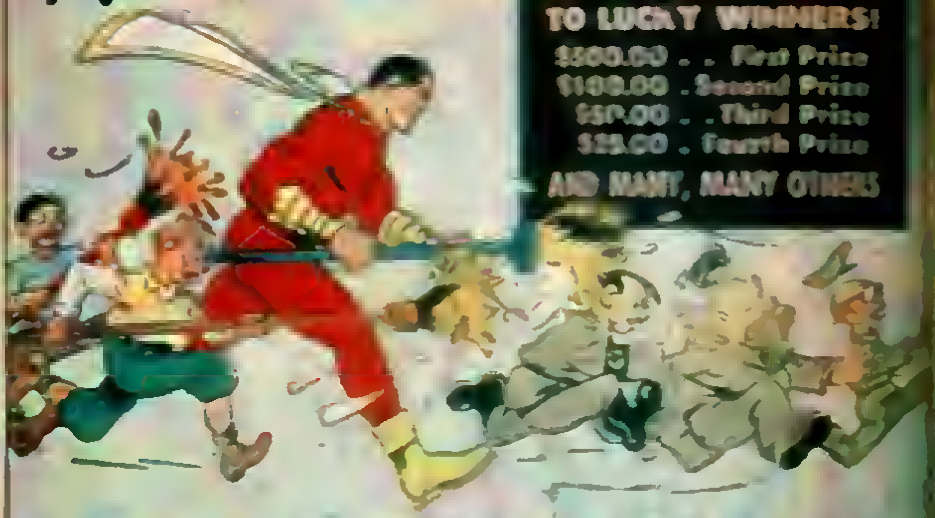

BACK TO THE SECRET LABORATORY IN THE WEST...
NOW THAT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS COME BACK AGAIN DO YOU THINK HE'LL STAY? OR WILL HE RETURN TO THE SHADOWS?
AS LONG AS AMERICA IS AT WAR WITH EVIL ENEMIES OF FREEDOM, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WILL BE ON THE JOB! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!
HURRY ON—FOR MORE ADVENTURES OF AMERICA'S GREATEST ACE... CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

HERE'S NEWS!

$1,500.00 IN WAR BONDS AND WAR STAMPS TO LUCKY WINNERS!

$500.00 . . First Prize
$100.00 . Second Prize
$50.00 . . Third Prize
$25.00 . Fourth Prize

AND MANY, MANY OTHERS



GIANT "PASTE THE AXIS" CONTEST

A different, thrilling new kind of contest! Everybody will get a big kick out of it—and wonderful prizes in U. S. WAR BONDS and STAMPS will be sent to the lucky winners!

BE SURE TO GET CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES (No. 15)

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND AUG. 21st

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
CAPT. MIDNIGHT SPEEDING DOWN WITH THE AID OF HIS AMAZING SUPERCRAFT, CAPT. MIDNIGHT'S OWN INVENTION, DIVES INTO ACTION AGAINST THE
"SECRET SUB"
DUSK... AND A LONELY DANNER ALONE THROUGH A DARKENING SEA
HOW IN THE CREATIVE HELL A SECRET SUB ON THIS ALERT?
SAY, NO... OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!

CAN YOU MANEUVER HER OUT, CAPTAIN?
SHE'S NAUGHT BUT A SMALL FISHING BOAT SHE COULD DO US NO HARM
SIR! THE CREW OF THE FISHING BOAT IS STRANGELY ACTIVE!
TANKER AHEAD! ALL MEN TO STATIONS AT ONCE! STARBOARD TORPEDOES!
READY! FIRE!
A THOUSAND POUNDS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION HURTLE TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING TANKER

CHUCK, DID YOU HEAR THAT?
IT SOUNDS LIKE A TORPEDOING TO THE SOUTH!
BOOM!
AT THAT MOMENT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND CHUCK RANWAY ON CIVIL AIR PATROL HEAR THE EXPLOSION.
HOLD YOUR HAT, CHUCK! HERE WE GO!
THAT SAILBOAT... IT JUST FIRED A TORPEDO!
HERE, CHUCK, TAKE THE CONTROLS AND RADIO THAT SUBMARINE'S LOCATION TO THE COAST GUARD!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S GOING AFTER HIM... FOR KEEPS!
SPREADING HIS SUPER-LIGHT WINGS, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT SOARS INTO THE SUN LIKE A VENGEFUL EAGLE.

HAH, HOW WE KOOL THESE STUPID AMERICANS!
YAH, IT SHOOD BE SEA OF DEM!
TO HER FÜHRER!
HEIL!
UUULP! SALUT! GLUK!!!
HIMMEL!
LOOK OUT!

UUGH!
... AND NEED YOU BACK BY NEXT TO THE BALLOON!
THIS BOOM WILL STOP HIM!
ACH!
TURNING YELLOW, FRITZ? I MIGHT EVEN HIT YOU YET!
OOOF!
AND MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND YOU IN OUR BALLOON!
OOOOH... MY HEAD GOT TO HURT SO!
AS THE STRANGE ATTACKS CONTINUE MYSTERIOUSLY AND - NATURE'S A NEW DANGER MENACES CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

SUNFISH! SUNFISH THOSE FINS! SHARKS! AND HEADED RIGHT FOR CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING - FAST!
QUICK! QUICK THIS TIME THE SEA MONSTER HAS SOMETHING ELSE!
ARE YOU OK, CAP?
I GUESS SO, CHUCK! BUT IT MADE ME A SCARED IF YOU HADN'T PICKED OFF THOSE SHARKS!
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, CAP?
THAT FISHING SMACK WAS A DISGUISED U-BOAT AND IT WAS MARKED SCHULTZ'S FISHING CRUISES OF NEWYORK!
WE'LL GET THOSE NAZI RATS! COME ON! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO BACK IN SHORE!
WE'RE GOING TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING AT SCHULTZ'S PLACE.... RIGHT NOW!
SHELL, CAD! LET'S GO!

THAT'S STRANGE! IT'S SETTING DOWN THERE. COME ON!
LOOK! THAT LAGOON IS ALL OF THOSE DISMANTLED SUBS!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
HIMMEL! WAT ISS?
BLAM!

YIPPEE!
TEAR 'EM APART, CHUCK!
YOU'VE TORPEDOED YOUR LAST SUB, MOKIE!
OOOF!
CHUCK! CHUCK! WHERE ARE YOU?
WAIT HERE, CHUCK! JUST FINISHING WITH THIS LAST RAT!
COME ON, THE REST! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS SHIP! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE REST OF THEM!

BUT THEY'RE ALREADY STARTED OUT TO SEA!
THEY WON'T GET FAR, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET THIS GASOLINE TO THAT SHIP AND THE FLAMES WILL DO THE REST!
QUICK! OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE THIS THING EXPLODES!
LEAPING ALONG THE STREAM OF GASOLINE THE FLAMES REACH THE TANK IN A TITANIC BLAST THAT HURLS BLAZING GASOLINE OVER THE WHOLE ANTI-BASE!
A MOMENT LATER, THE ENTIRE LAGOON IS A BLAZING, RAGING INFERNO!

THAT WORK AND THE END OF THIS U-BOAT WILL CHECK.
WE HERE COME THE ROCKET AND PRONTO WE'LL LEAVE THE REST TO THEM
TO THINK THAT OLD CAPTAIN DEMANDED THESE DAMNED U-BOATS WERE HARD UNDER OUR WORK!
LOOK! THE CHARRED REMAINS OF AMERICANS!
THE TIMER OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
THERE HE GOES NOW!
COME ON, CHUCK. WE'VE FINISHED OUR WORK HERE LET'S GET BACK TO JOYCE AND ICKY!
BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHER WORK FOR GOOD AMERICANS TO DO AND YOU CAN HELP BY BUYING WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN
Every Dime
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
HELPS

THE LORRY skirted a Bofors gun placement, rolled down the edge of a concrete runway and halted before a shadowy building. The driver pointed.

"There she is. You'll find the Yank squadron quartered in there. Good luck, fellow."

Tommy Skye, "Red" Skye to his friends, climbed down from the truck, hugging his bag.

"Thanks. I'll need it."

Red Skye stood motionless after the truck had gone, breathing deeply. Around him merged the invisible scenery of Fighter Fighting Drome, the huge blacked-out headquarters for a number of R.A.F. fighter squadrons. It was a grand British drome, but a single squadron of newly arrived American fighter pilots had been quartered there and it was to these Red Skye had been transferred. After a year of flying and fighting with the British, it was great to think of joining an American squadron at last.

Red Skye drew a deep breath and pushed his way into the shaded building. Smoke and laughter and the jingle of a piano shimmered his ears with the opening of the door. Three airmen were lazily standing there and the noises stopped.

"Hello, gang," Red Skye said. "I'm your newest addition, Pilot Skye."

There was an element of welcoming calm. No one said a word. Red Skye stared, the smile fading from his lean, freckled face, meeting the cold stares. What was wrong? He got his answer suddenly from a big, dark-faced brawler at one side who muttered as a clearly audible gauge:

"The Boy Wonder himself. Kiss the floor, you mugs."

Somebody snickered briefly. Red Skye's face flamed. He let his light bag slide to the floor and took a quick step forward. Hard fists drawing right. He'd come here, transferred by request from a fighter squadron of the British Royal Air Force, to do and fight with his own comrades from America—now that America was in the war and American fliers had reached England. He had requested anything but quiet, emotionally welcome.

"What was the idea of that crack?" he demanded tersely.

The big man's eyes flamed with the light of battle. He started forward eagerly. A slim, small pilot caught at his arm.

"Forget it, Eugene. Let the guy alone."

Big Eagan shook off the arm, ignoring the quiet words.

"You want to know, do you?" he snarled. "Well, I'll tell you, in simple words so you can understand it. For a year before we got to the war, we've been reading newspaper stories about the great Red Skye, the Yank with the R.A.F. You got twenty-seven Nazi planes. You're a great flier and a great fighter. You're a little tin god with

wings and you live on newspaper publicity. Now we've got no high-hearted you give up a soft berth with the Limies to come back and show us poor yokels from America how to win the war. Well, buddy, that's very, very kind of you—but we don't need your priceless help. . . ."

ANGER BLAZED in Red Skye's eyes and choked his throat. So that was it. Because he had been a Yank with a British fighter squadron and because he had a glamorous name and had fought well, the newspapers had played him up in countless stories of daring. Red hadn't asked for those stories or even wanted them. He was embarrassed by the publicity.

Now, because of them, his own commander thought he was a publicity-hound who fought for glory. And they resented his joining their outfit of untried amateurs who had yet to face their first enemy. They thought he had come there to show them up, steal their glory and throw his weight around.

Before Red could answer the angry Eagan, a dour Scotsman and a grey-haired Major entered. Red stiffened and saluted.

"You're Skye, aren't you?" the Major said, his eyes flicking around the tense group. "Come in and we'll sign you up. Glad to have you with us."

A few minutes later, when formalities had been completed, Major Anderson gave Red Skye's taut face a sharp look.

"Any trouble with the outfit?" he asked bluntly.

"Nothing I can't handle," Red said, his lips tightening.

He saluted and went back to the lounge. But this time no one gave him any attention. The Tannoy loudspeaker was blaring and everyone was listening as order after order crackled through.

"Tiger Squadron scramble," boomed the speaker. "Whippet Squadron to readiness."

Outside came the clattering roar of planes leaping from dispersal pits, hurling themselves into the black sky. Again and again came the sharp orders and squadrons after squadrons roared aloft. Something was up—something big. From right overhead came a steady, muted drone as hundreds of engines tore the sky—big bombers, Flying Fortresses and Wellingtons and Stirlings, picking up their fighter escorts before heading across the Channel.

"Boy," whispered one of the Yank pilots. "Heaven help the Nazis on a night like this. When Churchill promised two thousand bombers a night over Germany, he wasn't kidding."

FOR A TIME Red Skye was forgotten or ignored as the men grumbled at not having a part in the night's foray. They were all eager for their first battle, impatient at being left behind. Then suddenly the speaker blasted again, long after the drone of departing bombers had died away.

"Yank Squadron," barked the voice of Control. "A twenty-plane formation of Messerschmitts 110s and 109s coming toward London. This may be The Baron's own squadron! Prepare to intercept."

With a roar of pleased excitement, the Yanks tore for the parcel pilots where mates were already revving up the Allisons on their Lockheed Lightnings. Only Red Skye's face was grim as he ran to the middle-aged pet where his own plane waited.

The Baron! To those fledglings, the Nazi was only another enemy. But to Red Skye, he was murder. A shrewd, deadly fighter, the Baron had formed a picked squadron of ace fighters which he wielded like a sword, slicing and cutting at weak points in the British armour. Like tonight! Somehow, The Baron had known that the bulk of British planes were gone on their bomber missions to the Reich—and he had picked that moment to strike at London, sowing incendiary bombs and death.

And it was against this squadron of trained killers, against The Baron, who had never yet been shot down in combat, that these untrained beginners were to be sacrificed. It would be sheer murder. Red's lips were firm, his eyes cold as he shot the

Lightning across the concrete and sent it hurtling skyward. Sheer murder. . . .

They met the squadron over the channel, picking out the V of ghostly shapes by the sickly light of a dying moon. The Yanks, coming over at fifteen thousand, spotted the formation ahead at ten thousand.

"You have the altitude advantage," Major Anderson's cool voice barked in their head-

gunner. "Follow the point and come down on them shooting. Good luck."

Something was wrong. The Yank pilots nosed down, only screaming a challenge of power as they hurtled at the lumbering formation below. But something was wrong. Red Skye knew it and for a moment could not analyze the feeling.

Then he got it. It was a trap. The Baron was too wary to let his squadron be taken unawares.

"Watch your tails!" Red suddenly howled into his mike. "It's a trap! Watch out behind!"

"What's the matter, glory-hound?" shouted the sneering voice of big Eagan. "Afraid we'll steal your show?"

"You fools . . ." Red began and then checked.

THE POINT ships were blasting down, crimson flames winking from the wing guns as they piled into the Me's. But the lumbering formation was no longer there. Like startled horses, they had stopped and slid out of the gunsights and, in order to follow, the Yanks too were forced to break formation.

And at that moment, the main body of The Baron's killer squadron came roaring down from above, where they had waited, zooming down on the broken formations. Orange streaks of tracers sliced the night, whipping through wings and tails, slamming hatch covers and thudding into motor installations. It was only then that the last terrible truth of that first stream of death from nothing real pierced.

Then the squadrons cleared and broke into a mad maelstrom of hopping, diving ships. Red caught the tail of an Me-109 in his ring-sights and thumbed the trip. He banked sharply, fighting the sickness of blackout as he followed his prey, watching the orange flames lick upward. Suddenly the Nazi ship nosed in a last spurt in order to go plummeting down to the sky Channel waters below.

Whirling, using every ounce of natural trickery, Red pulled for position on another Me. He got it, and at the same instant saw another Yank ship scrambling on the same Nazi. Instantly Red whipped his own plane aside, letting the second Lightning strike its loot. He saw the Nazi leave into flame and go arcking downward. One of the Yanks had gotten his first enemy plane.

Then Red's face paled. He saw another Yank twisting and turning in a desperate effort to avoid the tracer streams of two Nazi crates that were glued to his tail. The Nazis were closing in for the kill, forcing the Amer-

icans more a position where escape would be impossible.

With a yell, Red eased his own Lockheed on to twin tails, whipped it around and dived into the scramble. He came down from behind and the Me's cockpit slide in his sights. The Lockheed shuddered to the blast of .50 caliber slugs and the Nazi fell out of the fight, limping and smoking.

Then tracers were crossing Red's nose, shaving in his wings. The second Nazi, whirling, had smacked with reckless shooting. For a time they whirled and darted and whip-sawed, always just avoiding a death blow by a hair's-breadth. The Nazi was a past-master at fighting and it took all Red's years of experience to keep away from those deadly tracers. Yet he dallied in, again and again, fighting for a killing blow of his own.

It came when he had almost despaired of winning. They were in a great many-pronged dance with the terrible hungry of crashing a better than forty-hundred miles an hour. If Red could tighten his circle just a little, his tracers could rock into the Nazi's pit. Desperately he scored his head between his knees, tensed his muscles against the force of a blackout and tightened his turn. Lights danced in his eyes and blackness crashed at his brain. Blindly he fired and fired again . . .

And suddenly the Nazi crate was falling away, dropping apart. A parachute blossomed, falling downward. A voice barked in Red's ears and he was dully sure the fight was over, the Nazis fleeing and the Yanks reforming. Still sick from his terrific effort, he fell into formation and veered back to the drome.

Back to what? Back to suspicion and cold indifference, back to men who hated him, who mistrusted his friendship.

Red vomited out of his ship on the Farley square, watching dully as lone-like figures hurtled up from the other planes. He heard the voice of Major Anderson as from a great distance.

"Great work, Skye. You got him—downed The Baron himself! He got away—but his squadron is wrecked forever!"

Then the huge Eagan pushed forward, striking out an awkward paw.

"And it was my life you saved, Skye. My guns were jammed. After you deliberately pulled out and let me down that other ship, you came back and saved my life. I can't apologize. All I can say is . . ."

But the other pilots said it for him—with a great cheer as they pushed and hustled grinning Red Skye with them toward the lounge.

The End

Watch for another hair-raising adventure of Red Skye in the next issue of

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

ALWAYS RINGS THE BELL!
PLUS
SPY SMASHER
GOLDEN ARROW
LANCE O'CASEY
And IBIS
SEE THEM EVERY MONTH IN WHIZ COMICS
CAPTAIN MARVEL
FEATURED EVERY MONTH IN . . .
WHIZ COMICS
GET IT AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

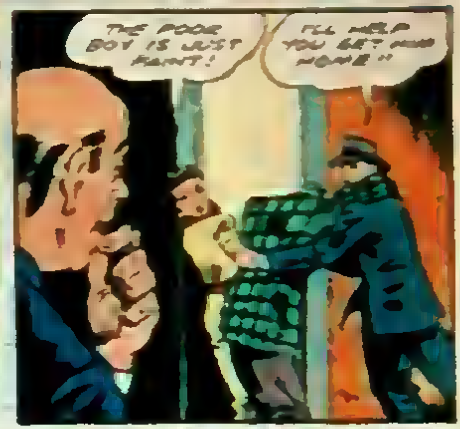
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
AS ALL CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S FAITHFUL AIDS, NONE IS MORE DOGGEDLY LOYAL THAN HONEY-HAIRED ROARING MIDDY! NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT KANGAROO OF TALENTS DEEPER THAN AN UNCANNY ABILITY WITH MACHINERY AND A WILLY FOR TRIPPING OVER HIS OWN BIG FEET! THEN CAME THE FATEFUL DAY WHEN GORGEOUS AND MYSTERIOUS RICA DRAPED HER HANDS OVER CHIEF -- AND ICKY TURNED UP AS THE GREAT LOVER ... AS WELL AS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S PET HEADACHE!
Rescues a Romeo!
Captain Albright HAS A MEETING WITH ARMY CHIEFS IN THE CITY - AND HE'S RIDES GO ALONG FOR A VACATION!
AS SOON AS MAJOR ELLIS ARRIVES, CAPTAIN, ICKY AND I WILL LEAVE!
OKAY, CHUCK! BY THE WAY, I'M OUT OF DRAWING INK FOR THESE PLANS!
I'LL GET SOME DOWNSTAIRS, CAP'N!
DOWN IN THE LOBBY OF THE GREAT BILTMORE HOTEL...

WHAT! WHO CAN BLAME KHARGO'S EYES FOR ROAMING ???
OH! A BIG-GOODESS!
WHEW-WHAT A MAMMY!
I'LL GET.... OOOOFF!!
I GOT IT.... UGH-H-H
OOOOH...
YOU POOR, GALLANT DARLING! ARE YOU HURT ???
H-HUH ? OH, G'GOSH, NO! GEE-EE.... OH, AW!
YOU BIG, HANDSOME BRUTE! FOR BEING SO SWEET, I'LL LET YOU TAKE ME TO DINNER.
D-D-DINNER! OH-HMM, BUT!
YOUR KHARGO IS BIGGER THAN A DOUBLE-HUMP CAMEL!
GIMME A COFFEE SANDWICH AND A CUP OF HAMBURGER... GEE, I MEAN A HAM-BURGER COFFEE AND A CUP OF SAND... OH, CRUD...
SWEET BOY!

But LOOK OUT, ICKY! THAT'S NO WOMAN FALL!

TO ME!!
OH, CAPT

POOR SUMMER MAID...
I'LL HELP YOU, MISS!
OOOO! THE POOR MAN IS ILL"


THE POOR BOY IS JUST FAINT!
I'LL HELP YOU GET HIM HOME"

HOW-D IT GO OFF, CHIEF?
LIKE A CHARM! WHEN THEY FALL FOR EVA, THEY FALL HARD!!
THE CHUMP DIDN'T FALL— HE COLLAPSED

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S KEEPING ICKY! HE'S BEEN GONE AN HOUR...
SHALL I GO... OH! SOME-ONE'S AT THE DOOR NOW!!

HEY! WHATEVER YOU'RE SELLING, WE DON'T WANT ANY!
NO! I THINK YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MINDS IN A MOMENT.
WHAT'S THE GAG, FANCY-PANTS?
I'M SELLING A PERSON NAMED ICHABOD MUDD
YOU DIRTY RAT! I'LL...
IF YOU'VE HARMED ICKY...
PLEASE! CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, IF YOU'LL HAND OVER THE PLANS FOR THE NEW BOMBER, WE'LL RETURN MR MUDD UNHARMED. IF NOT
YOU HURT ICKY AND I'LL CARVE HIS INITIALS ON EVERY INCH OF YOUR HIDE!!
YOU DIRTY SPY! WHERE IS HE??
WHERE YOU WON'T FIND HIM! IF YOU REFUSE TO TURN OVER THE PLANS - OR IF I'M NOT BACK SAFELY IN HALF AN HOUR... HE DIES!!
CAPTAIN, YOU CAN'T MAJOR ELLIS IS COMING FOR THOSE PLANS
I CAN'T HELP IT, CHUCK. CHABOD'S SAFETY COMES FIRST
VERY WISE, CAPTAIN! IT'S A PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU
SPLENDID! IF THESE PROVE TO BE GENUINE AND YOU TRY NO TRICKS, YOUR MAN WILL BE SENT HOME AT MIDNIGHT! IF YOU TRY TO FOLLOW ME...
THIS IS YOUR INNING, CHUM! BUT WAIT UNTIL IT'S MY TURN AT BAT!!

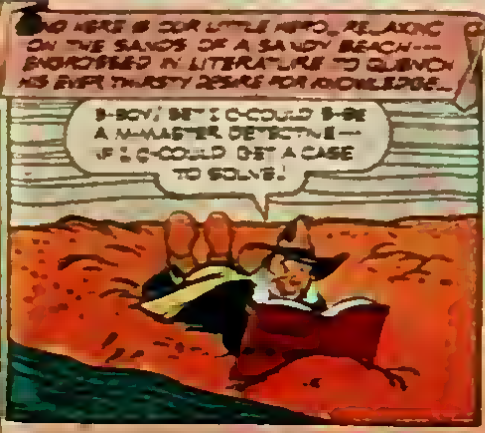
CAPTAIN, THIS IS TERRIBLE! HE'S GOT THE PLANS FOR THE DEADLIEST BOMBS EVER DESIGNED...
BE AS CHUCK GETTING THE PLANS AND KEEPING THEM ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO FOLLOW?
CAPTAIN AL... ISN'T GOING TO FOLLOW, CHUCK, BUT...
FROM THE HIDDEN SPRING REEL IN CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S BELT COMES A WIRE-STRONG, PLASTIC-FIBER ROPE!
BE CAREFUL, CAPTAIN!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS ON HIS WAY RIGHT NOW! GOING DOWN-
A MODERN VERSION OF THE OLD MINOU ROPE TRICK.
WH-ZZZZ
SWOOSH
ANYBODY FOLLOWING, BOSS??
NOBODY! I'LL BET THEY'RE STILL UP AT THE HOTEL — SHIVERING!"
DID YOU GET 'EM, BOSS??
LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY! THAT GUY ALBRIGHT ISN'T HALF AS TOUGH AS HE'S CRACKED UP TO BE!
ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN, BOYS!

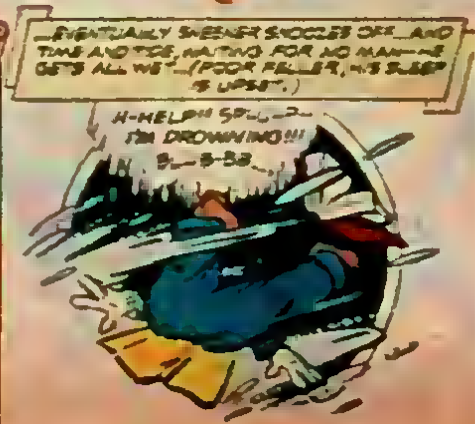
DIT IT WORK, ERIC?
LIKE A CHARM, MY DEAR! WE'LL ALL GET THE IRON CROSS FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!
SO WE RELEASE THE GAS THEN, BOSS?
SO WE CAN SQUEAL ON US? DON'T BE A DODO! FINISH HIM OFF AND DUMP HIM IN THE RIVER!
YOU BET, BOSS! I'LL DO A QUIET JOB - BUT THOROUGH!
ALBRIGHT IS GOING TO BE VERY UPSET ABOUT THIS!
I'M SO SORRY FOR HIM, I COULD LAUGH!!
SURPRISE! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S FAMOUS BLACKOUT BOMB!
YEEEOW! I'M BLINDED!
HELP! WHAT IS IT?
EEEK!!
THE TRADE MARK OF TERROR TO THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA!
START LAUGHING, NOT-SHOT!!
RUN! IT'S CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!!
YEEOW! THAT SYMBOL... HE'S EVERYWHERE!!
YOU PROMISED TO PROTECT ME!!

IN THE OFFING A YOUNG MAN'S HONOR—
LUDWIG, DO SOMETHING! KILL HIM!
KARL CAN'T PLAY RIGHT NOW! HE'S GOT SPRING FEVER!!
GO BACK! DON'T TOUCH ME!
HAPPY TO OBLIGE! I'LL LET LUDWIG DO THE TOUCHING FOR ME!
I'LL FINISH YOU...
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY! LADIES SHOULDN'T POINT GUNS — BUT THEN, YOU'RE PROBABLY NO LADY!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! IS ICKY...?!?
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN THE KNOCKOUT DRUG WEARS OFF! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
WHEN THIS LAD TOLD ME WHAT 'HAPPENED,' I GOT A PRIVATE CREW AND WE CRUISED AROUND, LISTENING FOR SOUNDS OF A FIGHT!
I TOLD MAJOR ELLIS WHEN YOU WENT INTO ACTION, WE'D HEAR THE TRUMPETS BLOW— AND WE DID!
A SHORT TIME LATER .. BACK IN CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S ROOM AT THE HOTEL
ICKY'S STIRRING! HE'S COMING TO!
THAT SPY, RICA, CLOBBERED HIM! LET'S TRY TO SHAKE ICKY A BROKEN HEART OVER HER TREACHERY!
HUH—WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER? YOU BUMPED YOUR HEAD! YOU'VE BEEN OUT FOR HOURS!
OH, MY! KNOCK ME OUT AGAIN, WILL YA?? I WAS HAVING SUCH A BEE-OO-TIFUL DREAM...
MORE SENSATIONAL ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWS STAND!

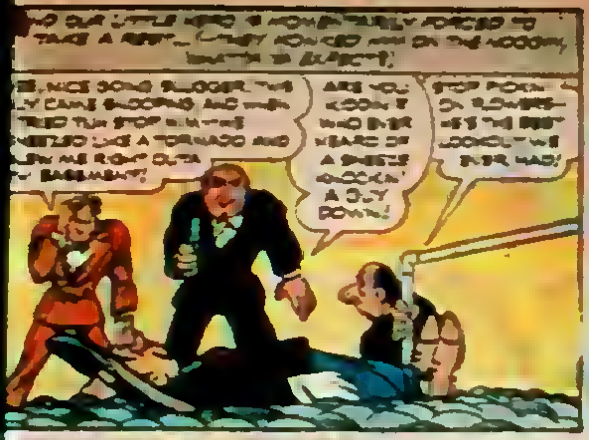
WILLIE WEST
THIS IS A WONDERFUL SUIT I'M WEARING!
IT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY PIECE OF GOODS TO ME!
WHAT I MEAN IS, THE WOOL WAS GROWN IN AUSTRALIA, THE THREAD WAS MADE IN BRITAIN, THE SUIT WAS MADE IN NEW YORK, AND I BOUGHT IT IN A STORE IN SAN FRANCISCO!
WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL ABOUT THAT?
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL THAT SO MANY PEOPLE CAN MAKE A LIVING OUT OF SOMETHING I HAVEN'T PAID FOR!
PSCH

Little SNEEZER


AND HERE IS OUR LITTLE HERO, RELAXING ON THE SANDS OF A SANDY BEACH--- ENGROSSED IN LITERATURE TO QUENCH HIS EVER THIRSTY ZEAL FOR KNOWLEDGE...
B-BOY! BET I C-COULD B-BE A M-MASTER DETECTIVE— IF I C-COULD GET A CASE TO SOLVE!

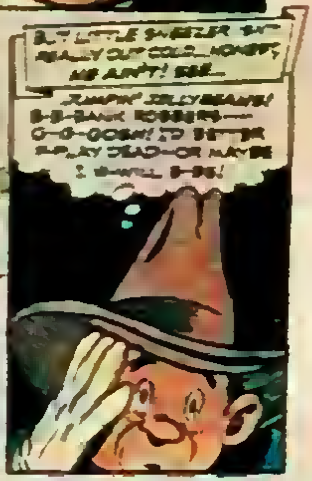

...EVENTUALLY SWEENEY SNOOZES OFF...AND TIME AND TIDE, WAITING FOR NO MAN—HE GETS ALL WET!...(POOR FELLER, HIS SLEEP IS UPSET.)
H-HELP!! SPLUT— I'm DROWNING!!!
B—B-BB...

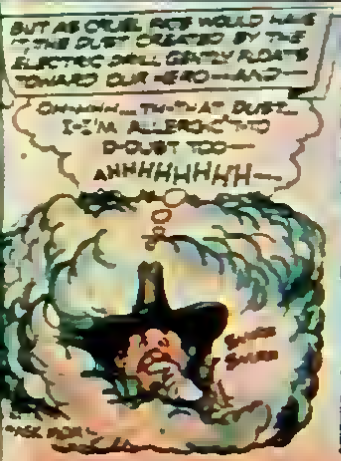
AND TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY— SNEEZER HAS AN ALLERGY!
WATER! OHH—WATER! IT MAKES ME—SNEE— SNEE— AHHHH—
AND WITH SARDANAPALIAN SUBTLETY, SNEEZER BELLOWS FORTH WITH A SNEEZE—! AND WHAT A SNEEZE! RIGHT SMACK INTO THE OCEAN—AND WHATTA YA THINK HAPPENED?
—NO—THAT'S NOT A CYCLONE, MISTER— IT'S JUST THE SNEEZE FROM THE SNEEZE
AH-CHOO
HALP!!! A CYCLONE!
AFTER HE PASSES THROUGH AN ALLEYWAY AND A FAINT AROMA STARTLES HIM—
FLOWERS!!—THERE'S FLOWERS IN THIS ALLEY—AND FLOWERS MAKE ME WHATTA—WANTA SN-SNEEEZE—
WHAT CAN THAT NOISE BE?
?
PLIT-TAT-PAT
MUFFLING HIS SENSITIVE EARDRILLS TO LISTEN TO THE STRANGE MACHINE-GUN LIKE SOUNDS—SNEEZER DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE—BUT SUDDENLY SOMEONE THRUSTS SOME POSIES IN HIS NOSEY!
YA-NAFF!
FLOWERS, MISTER!
(NOSE TALK FOR "SNIFF")
S-SAY...D-DON'T DO THAT! F-FLOWERS MAKE ME SN-SN-SNEEEE—
?
AH-CHOO!
AND HE BLOWS THE FLOWER-MAN RIGHT OUT OF THE BASEMENT— BUT SUDDENLY BEHIND HIM APPEARS SOMEONE WHO OBVIOUSLY MEANS NO GOOD.
"TAKE THAT, NOSEY!"
SOFT

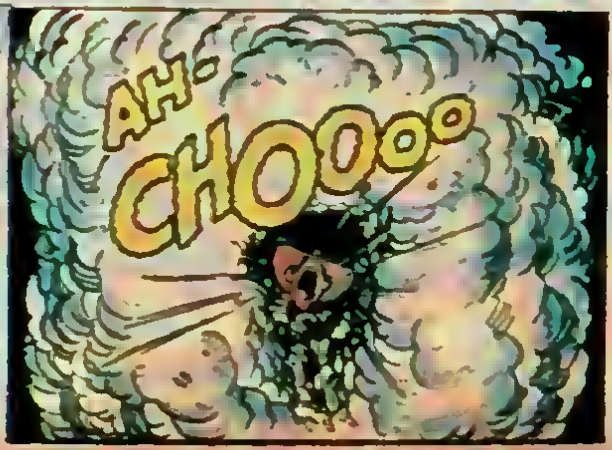

ARE YOU KOOKY? WHO EVER HEARD OF A SHEEZIX CLOCKIN' A GUY DOWN!
STOP POKIN' IN FLOWERS—IT'S THE BEST LOOKOUT WE EVER HAD!

THAT LITTLE GUY MIGHT BE A COP... SEND HIM DOWNSTAIRS TO THE BOSS!

SAY, DRILLER, I AIN'T SO SURE THE BANK VAULT'S ON THIS SIDE OF THAT WALL!
YOU DUMB POKE! I NEVER MAKE MISTAKES!!


BUT LITTLE SHEEZER SAT REALLY OUT COLD—HONEST, HE AIN'T! EEK—
JUMPIN' JELLY BEANS! B-B-BANK ROBBERS—G-G-GOSH! I'D BETTER PLAY DEAD—OR MAYBE I SHOULD—


BUT AS CRUEL FATE WOULD HAVE IT THE DUST CREATED BY THE ELECTRIC DRILL GENTLY FLOATS TOWARD OUR HERO—AND—
OHHHHH... TH-TH-AT DUST... I-I'M ALLERGIC TO D-DUST TOO— AHHHHHHHH—
SNIFF SNIFF


AH-CHOOOO

THE DRILLER IS PRACTICALLY SWEPT OFF HIS FEET BY LITTLE SNEEZER—
HEY!!! WHAT TH'—?
SUDDENLY REALIZING THAT HE'S SNEEZER ATTEMPTS TO APOLOGIZE—
S-SOR—MISTER! I'M SORRY—
WHAT WAS THAT—A CYCLONE?
THE DRILLER'S ASSOCIATES FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT IT—
HAW! HAW! DRILLER! THAT SURE'S TERRIFIC, AIN'T HE? HA! HA!
HEE! HEE!!
THEIR DISPLAY OF SYMPATHY ANGERS THE DRILLER!
SO! YOU WANTA HAVE A CHUMP OUTA THE DRILLER, EH?
NAW—NO SIR! AH-AH. AH-AH. AH-
AND GOODNESS GRACIOUS—LITTLE SNEEZER DOESN'T LET LOOSE WITH ANOTHER GUST OF—
YEOW!! MY HEAD!!!
CHOOO
WHICH HAS NOW BECOME BOXED WITH GRIEF!
THIS IS KILLIN' ME! LOOKA THE DRILLER!
HAW! HAW!!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, YOU BIRD-BRAINED BONEHEAD?
YOU DON'T CALL ME THAT, AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
WHO SAID I DIDN'T?
AND MAYBE THIS'LL CONVINCE YOU!
OWW-W! DRILLERY OUCH!
ARH!
BAM!
SOCK
NO SLIMBERINO MINCE-TIES BLAZE INTO A FULL-SIZED BRAWL—THE LITTLE NEITHERPOD TRIES TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL—
I'D BETTER SCOOT OUT OF HERE WHILE THESE GENTLEMEN ARE ENGAGED IN PARTICIPATE.
PAZ INVASION!
BUT DRILLERY SHARP PEEPERS SEE HIM— HOW DO YA LIKE THAT?
?
M-MAYBE I'M JUST GOIN' OUT FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.
HEY! WHERE YOU GOIN', MAJ PAT?
YOU STARTED THIS, YOU SHEEZIKO SNOOP! NOW I'M GONNA GIVE IT TO YOU SIX ONCE AND FOR ALL—
I D-DON'T D-DO—
AH— AH—

BUT THE DUST OF BATTLE REACHES HIS SENSITIVE NOSTRILS—AND ONCE AGAIN HE—
KA-CHOO
GOSH—THAT SURE-FIRE SNEEZE KNOCKED THE DRILLER COLD—OUR HERO DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH!
WHAT'S DOIN' OVER HERE? DON'T MOVE, DRILLER, OR I'LL SHOOT.
I'M NOT DRILLER—THAT'S HIM ON THE FLOOR.
YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT! WHO ARE YOU, BIG?
BETTER EXPLAIN—THEN DEMONSTRATE!
AND TH-THEN I CAME IN— AND TH-THEY WERE USING THIS—THAT IS—
YOU PRIVATE DETECTIVES ALWAYS WORK ALONE! YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN!
G-GOSH! HE CALLED ME A DETECTIVE
AND THEN—NEXT DAY—
AND FOR YOUR COURAGEOUS PERFORMANCE WE PRESENT YOU WITH TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AS A REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THOSE DESPERADOES.
TH-THANKS! IT WASN'T NOTHIN'— I'VE BEEN MY SOUTH AH—AH—
BUT HIS UNCONTROLLABLE ALLERGY BURSTS FORTH—
CHOO
SHUCKS! THERE'S SUCH A TERRIFIC AMOUNT OF MONEY—AND SUCH A TERRIFIC SNEEZE! (SNEEZ)
And SO ENDS THE FIRST EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF LITTLE SNEEZER THE DIMINUTIVE GIANT WITH THE SNEEZE THAT'S NOTHING SHORT OF TERRIFIC— LISTEN FOR HIS NEXT TALE OF—
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

SPY SMASHER GIVES YOU—

FOUR MORE SMASHING CRASHING STORIES! THIS TIME HE TAKES YOU BEHIND-THE-SCENES! SEE HOW ENEMY SPIES ARE REALLY CAPTURED!

10¢

SPY SMASHER MAGAZINE

ON SALE NOW! AT YOUR NEWSSTAND! 68 PAGES

DON'T MISS IT!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
A MAN OF ACTION AND MIGHT - A GUIDING GENIUS WHOSE MARVELOUS INVENTIONS HELP TO EARTH'S AND THEN THE SCOUNDRELS REALIZE - CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT IS DEAD! BUT WHEN AMERICA FACES A DANGEROUS NEW MENACE OUT OF JAPAN IT HAS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WHO CAME BACK FROM THE GRAVE - A GUIDING POWER OF VENGEANCE - TO AVERT THE MIGHTY PLOT OF HIS SECRET SQUADRON AGAINST THE
INVISIBLE MENACE!
HIGH ABOVE AMERICA'S MIDDLE WEST..
CALLING CAMCK AT THE LABORATORY! CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! COME IN CAMCK..
AND DEEP IN A HIDDEN VALLEY IN MEXICO..
CAMCK TO CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT! COME IN CAPTAIN...
HELLO CAMCK AND ICKY! I'M BRINGING IN A CURTIS P-40 FOR EXPERIMENTAL WORK! WILL LAND IN HALF AN HOUR! CLEAR THE FIELD..

BUT A CHANCE DID HAPPEN WHEREBY WE FOUND CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS!
LAND OF MAN! AN ISLAND!
PERFECT! WITH YOU AND PETE UP IN THE BARBER SHOP!
OKAY, BOSS.
HEY!! UGG!
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL REMIND YOU NOT TO CALL ME BOSS!!
YES, EXCELLENCY!!
WHAT IS THIS SINISTER, INVISIBLE BURDEN THAT BOWS THEIR BACKS??
THE HAND IS NORTHWEST! WE'LL HAVE TO LAND AT THIS END! SET IT UP RIGHT OVER THERE!
OKAY... I MEAN, YES EXCELLENCY
CAN WE STAY AND WATCH HOW IT'S DONE?
CERTAINLY NOT! DO YOU WANT ME MAD TO SEE US IN MIDNIGHT? HERE HE COMES NOW!

HOME AT LAST! I'LL CIRCLE AND COME INTO THE WIND...
WITHOUT WARNING, A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT IN THE SKY !!
AH! SUNLIGHT REFLECTING! BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO REFLECT! I MUST...
A MOMENT LATER...
CRASH!
PERFECT! THE END OF THE SO-CLEVER CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, AND THE BEGINNING OF AMERIKA'S DOWNFALL !!
A NEAT JOB, EXCELLENCY! VERY NEAT!
HERE HE COMES.. HE'S CRASHING! HE'LL BE KILLED!!
B-BUT... WHAT DID HE HIT ??
THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT PENETRATE THE SECRET OF MY DISCOVERY, AND NOW HE'S DEAD! GET GOING, FOOLS! TOKYO MUST HEAR OF THIS!!

BUT AS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT REALLY HEADS UP LET'S RETURN TO THE PLANE AND SEE...
FROM THE CRASHING PLANE LEAPS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
WHEW! AN ORDINARY PARACHUTE WOULDN'T OPEN IN THIS SHORT SPACE!
SAVED BY THE GLIDERCHUTE. ONE OF H.I.'S OWN SECRET INVENTIONS!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ARE YOU...??
STOP! STAY BACK!!
WHAT SINISTER MAGIC IS THIS??
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, STAY B... OOOOH!!
WE AIN'T ARAA... UH-HHH!
FOR TH... WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT??
A BARRIER OF COMPLETELY TRANSPARENT PLASTIC! SO TRANSPARENT IT'S INVISIBLE UNTIL PAINTED BY THIS SPRAY...
OHOO! MY HEAD! FOR PETE'S SAKE, WHAT HIT US??
I TRIED TO WARN YOU! GET THE PAINT-SPRAY OUTFIT WE USE FOR PAINTING PLANES AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HIT YOU!!
P-PAINT SPRAY??

I MIGHT SEE A GLEAM OF REFLECTED SUNLIGHT IN TIME TO JUMP. I'D BE GLAD NOW! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THIS...
G-GOSH! WE'D BETTER NOTIFY THE F.B.I.
NO, WAIT! IF HE THINKS I'M DEAD, HE MAY BETRAY HIMSELF! NOTIFY THE PAPERS OUT ALLBRIGHT WAS KILLED IN A CRASH!
BUT WHO DID IT? AND WHY?
THAT'S FOR CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TO DISCOVER! YOU TWO START ANALYZING THAT PLASTIC! I'LL HUNT FOR CLUES!
WE'LL TAKE THE BARRIER DOWN AND CLEAR THE RUNWAY!
HERE'S WHERE THEY PARKED A TRUCK AND UNLOADED! OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT?
A MAN'S HANDKERCHIEF, SCENTED WITH HELIOTROPE PERFUME! HELIOTROPE! WHERE HAVE I SMELLED THAT BEFORE?!?

WHAT'S UP, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT? DID YOU FIND SOMETHING?
I BELIEVE SO! QUICK, DIG OUT OUR SECRET FILE OF ENEMY AGENTS!
YOU'RE MIGHTY BUSY FOR A DEAD MAN, CAIN!
VON GRAETZ -- VON SCHEER -- VON -- AH, HERE IT IS! I KNEW THAT HELIOTROPE PERFUME WAS FAMILIAR!
YOU MEAN YOU'VE FOUND OUT WHO DID IT??
BARON VON TOGO
DANGEROUS ENEMY AGENT
PART-JAP... PART GERMAN
LONE WOLF BUT AIDS JAPS WHENEVER PROFITABLE
CLEVER SCIENTIST - PASSION FOR HELIOTROPE PERFUME - PRESENT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN!
THAT'S OUR MAN, ALL RIGHT!
BUT WHY DID HE PICK ON YOU?
WE'VE TANGLED BEFORE! AS CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, I DEVELOPED AN ANTIDOTE FOR A POISON GAS HE INVENTED!
SO HE WAS AFRAID TO USE THE NEW PLASTIC WHILE YOU WERE ALIVE TO BLOCK HIM! BUT NOW WHAT DO IF HE'S SOLD IT TO THE JAPS...
HE MUST! VON TOGO NEVER LETS GO OF HIS SECRETS! WHEN WE SMASH HIM, WE'LL SMASH THE MENACE OF INVISIBLE WEAPONS AGAINST AMERICA! RUSH THAT ANALYSIS WAGLE! PREPARE FOR ACTION!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
WE'RE WORKING AGAINST TIME.. WOW! THE LAB'S ON FIRE!

CHUCK! RAY! WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT??
COUGH - COUGH! YEAH! ICKY TRIED TO MELT SOME OF THAT PLASTIC...
UGH! IT MELTED ALL RIGHT - BUT.... PHEW!!!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE ANSWER! ICKY, YOU'RE A GENIUS...
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HELLO, JOYCE!
HURRY, JOYCE! I WANT YOU TO FLY ME ON A SPECIAL MISSION! THE REST OF YOU KEEP PUSHING THAT ANALYSIS!
COME ON! MY PLANE IS RIGHT OVER HERE!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
LEVEL AT TWO THOUSAND AND CRUISE IN CIRCLES! COVER EVERY SPOT WITHIN THIRTY MILES OF THE LABORATORY...
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT TELLS THE INCREDIBLE STORY!
SO I'M CERTAIN YOU TOO MUST HAVE A PLANT SOMEWHERE NEAR! WE WOULDN'T RISK HAULING THOSE LONG INVISIBLE POSTS THROUGH A CITY!
I GET IT! SO WE LOOK FOR A CHIMNEY SPOUTING GREEN SMOKE!
LOOK, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! THERE IT IS...
GOOD! AND IT'S ALMOST DARK! I'LL DROP OFF AND INVESTIGATE! YOU WAIT AT THE LABORATORY FOR ORDERS!
THE GLIDERKITE BRAKES ITS BURDEN DOWNWARD INTO THE SINISTER SHADOWS OF THE HIDDEN VALLEY!!

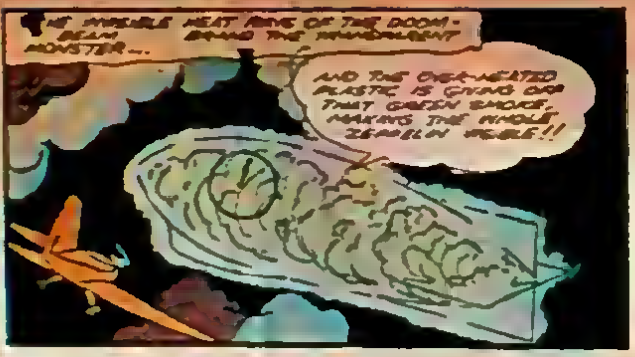
IF I CAN DROP DOWN UNDETECT.... OOOOFF!
THUD!
A CAMEL LANDING ON NOTHING, A HUNDRED FEET IN THE AIR!!!
HOLY SMOKE! A HUGE INVISIBLE SOMETHING.... BUT WHAT IT SLOPES OFF! FEELS LIKE A SUBMARINE...
WOW! GOING DOWN-N-N-N....
I KNOW WHAT THAT IS!! IT'S A MONSTER, INVISIBLE ZEPPELIN, BIG ENOUGH TO CARRY A WHOLE MID AMERICAN ARMY!!
SMART, GUFFEAN! CHUM!
MARCH INSIDE, SNOOPER! THE BOS.... I MEAN, HIS EXCELLENCY, WANTS A GANDER AT YOUR DUG!!
NOW CAN I REPEAT IT? YOU'RE SO REASSURING!

SO YOU TOOO MAKEE YOU CALL HIM EXCELLENCY! HOW TOUCHING...
AR-G-ASH! YOU'RE TOO WISE, GUY! GET IN THERE!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, LOSCH! WHO'S THAT WITH YOU??
WAH BOS— I MEAN, EXCELLENCY! I JUST CAPTURED THE FAMOUS...
NOT EVEN LOSCH SAW THE TINY PELLET OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S FAMOUS BLACKOUT BOMB DROP FROM HIS SLEEVE!
FOOL! OAF! IMBECILE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
B-B-BUT— I WAS OOC...
UNDER COVER OF THE BLINDING BLACKOUT BOMB, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT HAS MOVED LIKE A PANTHER!
I'LL SAY IT FOR YOU— CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
DON'T STAND GAPING, YOU IDIOTS! KILL HIM! SMASH HIM!!
YOU HAVE TO GIVE THE BOYS CREDIT FOR TRYING!
ONE SIDE, FOOLS! I'LL RUN HIM THROUGH!

SLOWLY THE DEADLY FLICKERING BLADE FORCES CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT BACK, BACK INTO A CORNER WHERE A JAR WAITS TIMELY!
SUPPOSE I SHOULD TURN MY BACK! YOU RATS GO YOUR BEST STABBING FROM BEHIND!
UHHHH! THE BEAM, ISHO!!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IS STRUCK BY AN INVISIBLE SHOCK!
YES, EXCELLENCY!
HA! LET HIM DODGE HIS FATE NOW!
LEMME BLAST HIM NOW!
WHAM!
NO, YOU FOOL! WE MAY HAVE HELP COMING! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT AT ONCE! PACK HIM UP!
WHAT YOU MEAN--ON THE SHIP??
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AWAKENS TO THE ROAR OF ENGINES AND A BURST OF MOCKING LAUGHTER!
UHHHH! WHERE AM I? NOW I'M INSIDE THE INVISIBLE ZEPPELIN NOW IN THE AIR!
EXACTLY, DEAR CAPTAIN! AND YOUR SILLY AIR DEFENSES ARE GOING CRAZY DOWN BELOW! THEY CAN HEAR US BUT THEY CAN'T SEE US!
A FEW MILES OUT A JAPANESE BATTLESHIP WAITS WITH A LOAD OF BOMBS AND PARATROOPS! BY MORNING SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE OURS!
A BEAUTIFUL DREAM, LITTLE MAN! IT'S A PITY TO WAKE YOU UP!
BIG TALK FOR A DOOMED MAN, CAPTAIN! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU STOP US!
BROTHER, STICK AROUND AND YOU MAY GET THE PRIVILEGE!!

A SPRING BLADE KNIFE THAT COULD PIERCE WOOD FOR WHICH IT WAS DESIGNED!
TALK ABOUT PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES! THERE! NOW ADD A COAT WITH CHUCK!!
ONE OF CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S INVENTIONS, A TINY TRANSMITTER BUILT INTO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S BELT!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT CALLING SECRET SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS COME IN...
HIS VOICE! I WAS SO WORRIED...
SH-H-H, JOAN! I GOT THAT, CAPTAIN! I CALL OUT THE SECRET SQUADRON...
...AND GIVE THEM THESE SPECIAL ORDERS!! LISTEN CLOSELY...
FROM A DOZEN TOWNS AND CITIES, FROM COMMERCIAL AIRPORTS AND TINY PRIVATE FLYING FIELDS, GRIM-FACED MEN RUSH TO ANSWER THE URGENT SIGNAL SEVEN-- WHICH MEANS-- SECRET SQUADRON, COME AT ONCE!!
SECRET SQUADRON
SECRET SQUADRON
SIGNAL 7
SIGNAL 7
COME AT ONCE
THE NIGHT TREMBLES TO THE ROARING FURY OF THE SQUADRON'S DEVASTATING HOUSE! -- BUT...
THE BOYS ARE HERE-- BUT THEY CAN'T SEE THIS INVISIBLE ZEPPELIN EITHER! THERE'S ONE CHANCE...

I'LL GIVE THE SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT!

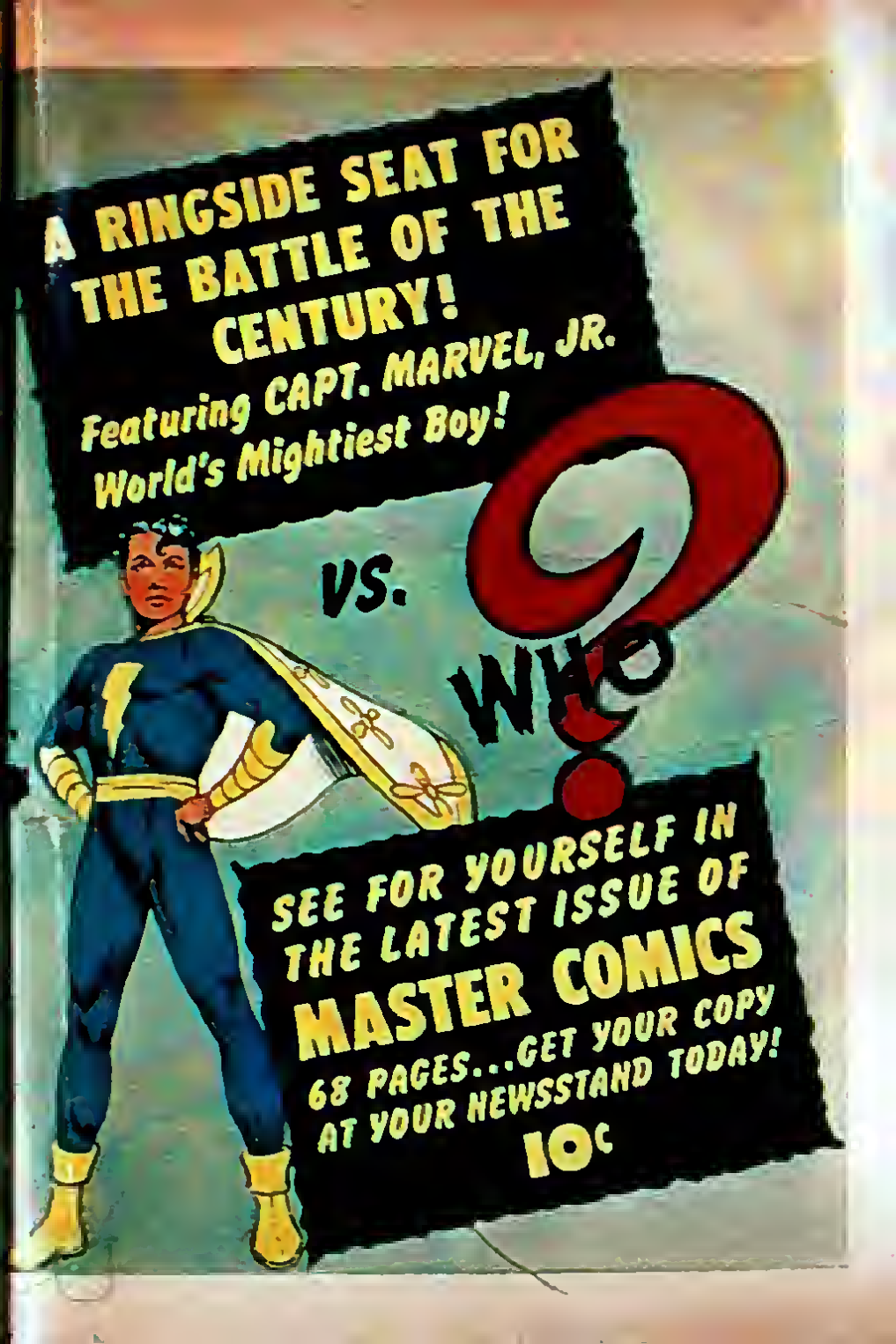

THE INVISIBLE HEAT RAYS OF THE DOOM-BEAM BEHIND THE WINDSHIELD MONSTER...
AND THE OVER-HEATED PLASTIC IS GIVING OFF THAT GREEN SMOKE, MAKING THE WHOLE ZEPPELIN VISIBLE!!

ALERTED BY CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S TRICK, THE SALUTED BREAKWAUGHT OF THE CLOUDS IS EASY PREY FOR THE SECRET SQUADRON!

RUINED! EVERYTHING RUINED BECAUSE OF YOU! I'LL KILL YOU...
WHAT! AGAIN? I THOUGHT YOU'D GIVEN UP SILLY DREAMS..

BUT SINCE YOU LIKE DREAMS-- HAVE SOME GOOD ONES!
UH-H-H!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DIVES OUT OF AN INVISIBLE WINDOW!
THE BOYS ARE REALLY GETTING HOT! I'D BETTER SCRAM WHILE I CAN LEAVE UNDER MY OWN POWER!
RIGHT NOW, THAT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT ON EARTH!!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE SAW YOU JUMP AND FOLLOWED YOU DOWN!
I NEVER FELT BETTER!
THE END OF ANOTHER MENACE TO THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE! AND THE END OF THAT DEVIL, VON TOGO!
WE MOPE!
YOU MEAN--- HE ESCAPED??
IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE--- BUT HE'S A WILY RAT! I WON'T RELAX UNTIL HIS BODY IS ACTUALLY FOUND AND IDENTIFIED!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, CAPTAIN??
FIRST LET THE COUNTRY KNOW CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT ISN'T REALLY DEAD! AND THEN TO WORK! I HAVE AN IDEA FOR TURNING VON TOGO'S PLASTIC INTO AMERICA'S GREATEST DEFENSE WEAPON...
MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!


A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!
Featuring CAPT. MARVEL, JR. World's Mightiest Boy!
VS.
WHO?
SEE FOR YOURSELF IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF
MASTER COMICS
68 PAGES...GET YOUR COPY AT YOUR NEWSSTAND TODAY!
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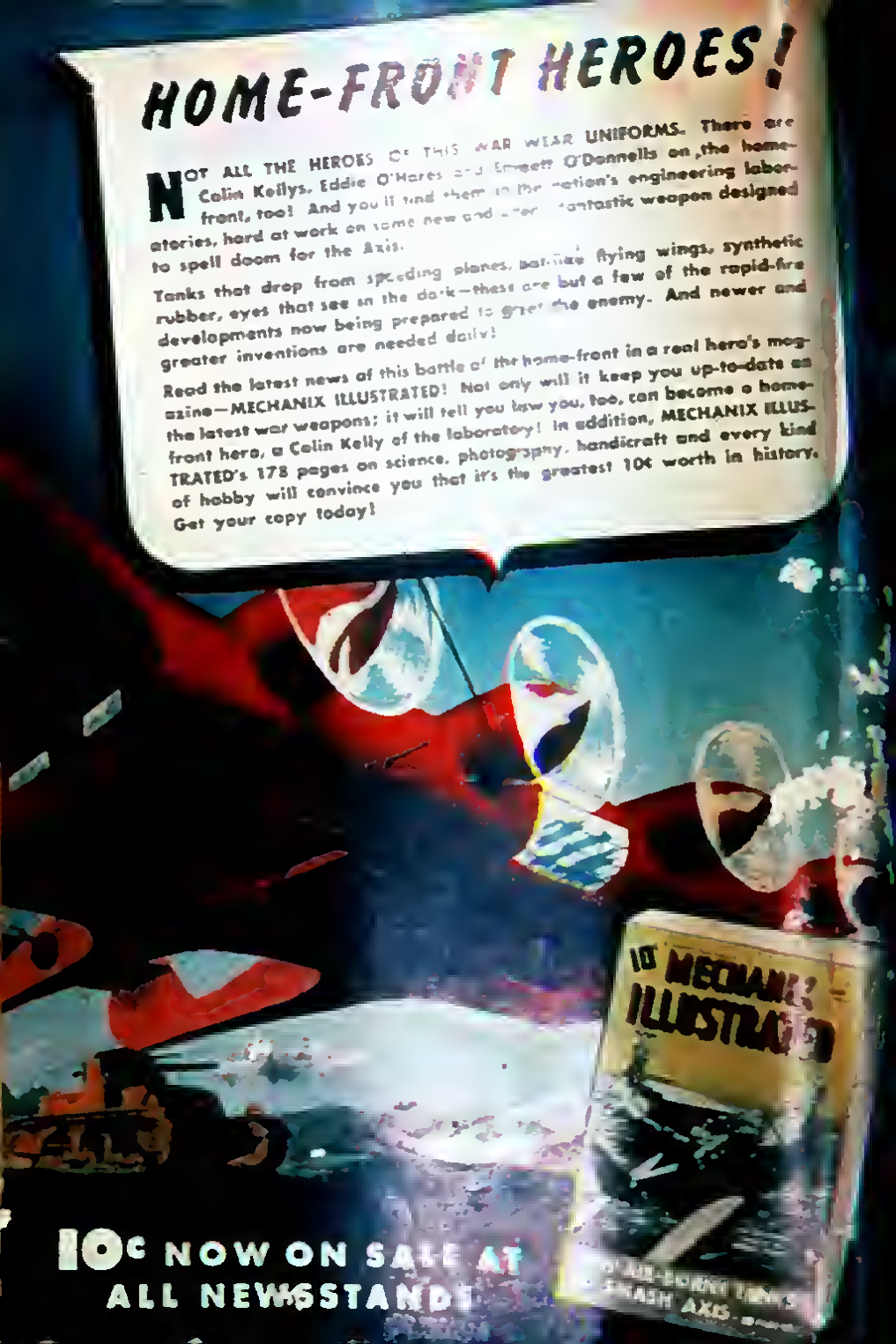
HOME-FRONT HEROES!

NOT ALL THE HEROES OF THIS WAR WEAR UNIFORMS. There are Colin Kellys, Eddie O'Hares and Emmett O'Donnells on the home-front, too! And you'll find them in the nation's engineering laboratories, hard at work on some new and super-fantastic weapon designed to spell doom for the Axis.

Tanks that drop from speeding planes, battle-like flying wings, synthetic rubber, eyes that see in the dark—these are but a few of the rapid-fire developments now being prepared to greet the enemy. And newer and greater inventions are needed daily!

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